

PS 3525

.I67 N4

1900

Copy 1

A NEW VERSION  
OF AN OLD STORY

"The daily work was done  
And home came Karl"

BY ELIZABETH MILROY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS 3525 Copyright No. \_\_\_\_\_

Shelf I67N4  
1900

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





A NEW VERSION  
OF AN OLD STORY

BY  
ELIZABETH MILROY

THE  
**Abbey Press**  
PUBLISHERS  
114  
FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

LONDON

MONTREAL

7

91403

Library of Congress

TWO COPIES RECEIVED

DEC 20 1900

Copyright entry

Dec. 19, 1900

No. A 30634

SECOND COPY

Delivered to

ORDER DIVISION

JAN 8 1901

PS 3525

I 67 N4

1900

Copyright, 1900,

by

THE

Abbey Press

in

the

United States

and

Great Britain.

All Rights Reserved.

un-29 Jan 34

## SUNSHINE BOOKS

(COMPLETE SERIES)

1. EXPERIENCE
2. SOUL GROWTH
3. THE HEART'S DESIRE
4. MEN, WOMEN AND LOVING
5. WORRY AND CHEER
6. A DIP IN THE POOL





## A New Version of an Old Story.

---

THE daily work was done, and  
home came Karl,  
Worn and a mite too much in-  
clined to snarl.  
He found the supper got, the  
floor was swept,  
For careful was the wife, her  
house well kept.  
Now here is something queer  
beneath the sun;  
To thoughtless men, a woman's  
work when done,

A New Version of an Old Story.

As easy seems as rolling off a  
log.

If you so think, good sirs,  
you're in a fog.

But this mistake our honest  
farmer made,

So when they down to supper  
sat, he said

To Barbara, "Of women  
'twould take ten,

I'm sure, to do the work of  
two good men."

Up spake the wife: "Now,  
father, let me go

A New Version of an Old Story.

To-morrow in your place the  
field to mow,  
While you within the house  
my place shall take,  
To sweep and scrub and churn  
and stew and bake.”  
The farmer laughed, “A fool-  
ish woman you;  
I’ll rest me in the house with  
naught to do;  
Your brow will throb beneath  
the burning sun,  
Your back will ache until the  
day is done.”

A New Version of an Old Story.

The morning came and up they  
rose. Then forth  
Went Barbara to the fields, and  
nothing loth,  
Karl set to work. The sweep-  
ing soon was done  
'Mid clouds of rising dust.  
"Pho, this is fun,  
This keeping house; I can do  
it to a turn.  
Now, while I smoke my pipe,  
I think I'll churn."  
The churn was brought, the

A New Version of an Old Story.

churn which Barbara's  
hand  
Had scoured as whitê as any  
in the land.  
But ere the day was done—  
loth am I to tell  
Of dire mishaps that churn  
that day befell.  
“Did he scald the churn?” I  
hope he did,  
And that he washed the dasher  
and the lid.  
Yet while this hope in charity's  
expressed,

A New Version of an Old Story.

I leave it to the conscience in  
the breast  
Of any man whoever yet kept  
house,  
To say, with hand on heart,  
he doth suppose  
'Twas done. He churned and  
churned and churned, until  
He almost deemed he trod the  
treading mill;  
Nor yet discerned the golden  
butter roll.  
His mouth was parched, his  
face glowed like a coal.

A New Version of an Old Story

Quoth he, "I'll to the cellar's  
depths descend  
For a mug of ale, and that,  
perchance, will lend  
Me strength this tiresome, toil-  
some task to end."  
'Twixt cup and lip are slips.  
Ere he had quaffed  
With wonted zest his favorite,  
foamy draft,  
He heard above his head an  
ominous sound,  
And rushing up the steps, to  
his horror found

A New Version of an Old Story.

The churn upset and piggy  
paddling in the cream.  
Karl, nigh hysterics, scarce  
suppressed a scream.  
And now fierce anger burns  
within his soul,  
An anger he desired not to con-  
trol.  
He chased the pig from the  
churn and thro' the door,  
All round the room, o'er Bar-  
bara's snowy, sanded  
floor.



A New Version of an Old Story.

The pig was fat, Karl lean;  
and tho' it feigned  
To run three ways at once,  
he vantage gained.  
His wrath grew fierce, his temper  
reached whité heat,  
By one fell blow it lay dead at  
his feet.  
No time had he to think it ill  
or good  
That he had robbed himself of  
winter's food,  
Because in dumb surprise, the  
hapless man

A New Version of an Old Story.

Beheld too plain the spigot in  
his hand.

More quickly than he came he  
hastened down

The cellar-way, where he was  
like to drown

Himself in tears and ale—  
'twas all run out—

A riddance good, say I. He  
looked about,

And finding still another jar of  
cream,

Carried it up and began to  
churn again.

A New Version of an Old Story.

This time the farmer did not  
weary grow  
With his work, before he heard  
a gentle low  
From the back shed, where,  
waiting for her food  
The cow in ruminating  
patience stood.  
What could he do? A good  
half mile away,  
And high noon coming on, the  
pasture lay.  
The cottage close against the  
hill did lean,

A New Version of an Old Story.

New turfed with sods which  
    now were fresh and green  
With "rain upon the rock."  
    Could he but lead  
His cow where she on that *high*  
    grass might feed!  
Seized by this happy thought  
    he led the cow  
To the well for water, but  
    grown wiser now  
By late experience—well could  
    he learn  
In that dear school—he should-  
    dered up his churn

A New Version of an Old Story.

And carried it along. But oh,  
    alas,  
Dear me, what grief! for so  
    it came to pass  
That when he stooped to lift  
    the bucket o'er  
The curb, adown the well the  
    cream did pour.  
To tear his hair Karl's fingers  
    fairly ached;  
That sweet relief stern Fate  
    denied. He lacked  
The time; besides 'twas slip-  
    pery, full of cream

A New Version of an Old Story.

Which down his spine ran in  
a trickling stream.

And now, the transit of the  
cow to aid,

From hill to cot a short wide  
plank is laid.

Then coaxingly, o'er this im-  
promptu bridge

The wondering beast he led,  
quite to the ridge

Of cottage roof, and then on  
festive thoughts intent,

His steps he to the nether re-  
gions bent.

A New Version of an Old Story.

Arrived, a new dilemma he  
confronts,  
A quandary, which more than  
all the brunt's  
He yet had borne did poor  
Karl disconcert,  
For here is truth which none  
may controvert;  
This thought, it oft perplexes  
womankind,  
But yet does seldom cross  
man's stronger mind.  
"What shall we eat this day?  
What drink?"

A New Version of an Old Story.

Dismayed, he scratched his  
head to help him think.  
No butter could he have, that  
well he knew,  
But could he not within the  
minutes few  
That yet remained, one whole-  
some dish prepare?  
And that his board might not  
appear too bare,  
That dish he'd flank with side  
supply of jam,  
Preserves and pickles, apple  
sauce, sliced ham



A New Version of an Old Story.

From thrifty Barbara's store.

So said, so done;

Good haste he made to hang  
the kettle on

The crane. And now the por-  
ridge must be made,

Then next, and quickly too, the  
table laid.

But fearing lest the cow should  
idly stray

From pasture field and wander  
far away,

To cottage roof he clambered  
toilsomely,

A New Version of an Old Story.

Tied round her horn a rope  
secure, which he  
Into the chimney dropped, then  
going down,  
Fast to his leg the other end  
he bound.  
Sore pressed, he preparation  
made to dine  
And "dragged at each remove"  
a tightening line.

Meanwhile the wife toiled on.  
As Karl had said,

A New Version of an Old Story.

The sun beamed down upon her  
bended head.

Upon her heated brow, in  
beaded drops,

The moisture lay as she with  
steady steps

And swinging arm, the cool,  
crisp grass laid low.

And now the dew has dried  
some hours ago.

And passed the freshness of  
the early morn,

And with it friendly Robin's  
cheery song—

A New Version of an Old Story.

From somewhere in the vault  
of blue around,  
Or near or far, rang out the  
dissonant sound  
Of weary locust's arid rune.

Now wound  
The curling smoke from cottage chimney-top,  
Of dinner Barbara cherished  
sanguine hope;  
Tho' with pinchings of a  
healthful appetite

A New Version of an Old Story.

Was mingled soon the fear that  
all's not right  
With yon housekeeping man  
within the home,  
Else, why to dinner doth not  
summons come?  
Around the field another swath  
she laid,  
Then, anxious, saw the smoke  
from chimney fade,  
But no, it rises now anew in  
jets  
From either side. Ah, some-  
thing surely frets

A New Version of an Old Story.

The fire. Across her shoulder  
then her scythe

She deftly flung, and stepping  
free and lithe,

Soon reached the house, but  
paused in dire affright

Confronted by a most astounding sight.

Adown the cottage wall poor  
Bossy hung,

Suspended by a rope in mid-air  
swung.

She looked in vain for Karl,  
no Karl could see;

A New Version of an Old Story.

No time to look for Karl, yet  
where was he?

Oh, haste! with one sweep of  
the gleaming scythe

She cleft the rope on which  
the cow did writhe.

Karl downward dropped. His  
heated head he laved

In porridge pot. Be glad the  
oatmeal's saved

By absence! The water, long  
since cool,

Refreshed him as 'twere sylvan  
shaded pool.

A New Version of an Old Story.

With vision cleared forever-  
more, he went  
To his work next day, forever-  
more content.

— — —



Here is the end of A NEW  
VERSION OF AN OLD  
STORY, by Elizabeth Mil-  
roy, which is printed for The  
Abbey Press and published  
by them at One Hundred and  
Fourteen Fifth Avenue, New  
York, and in London, Mon-  
treal and elsewhere.

---



---

## **SOME ABBEY PRESS PUBLICATIONS**

---

### **TRANSVAAL TROUBLE, THE.**

By John Hays Hammond. The American view of the British-Boer War in South Africa. The author is a financial magnate, thoroughly familiar with the whole subject by personal residence in the Transvaal, and who speaks with authority because he knows whereof he speaks. Cloth. Twenty-five Cents.

### **PEOPLE AND PROPERTY.**

By Edwin B. Jennings. An animated, logical discussion of the question of corporate rights versus human rights. Lincoln said that "when a dollar comes in conflict with a man he sided with the man." This book is timely, able and interesting. Cloth. Fifty Cents.

### **DEMOCRACY AND THE TRUSTS.**

By Edwin B. Jennings, author of "People and Property." The author shows that there is an irrepressible conflict between these two. They are, or must soon be, locked in a deadly conflict, and if one is to survive, the other must perish. Mr. Jennings' style is trenchant, and his arraignment of trusts in the interests of democracy must be read to be appreciated. Cloth. Fifty Cents.

---

**114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

---



Jan - 12 1901



Jan - 12 1901

DEC 20 1900





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 873 703 6